

that with the Americans this manufacture is still very young. Two-and-twenty years ago there was not a loom in Lowell; and yet what is the state of matters now? Why, there are now 320,000 spindles at work, and more than 350,000 yards of cotton cloth made daily! If such has been its progress, is it likely now to stand still? Are the Yankees so diffident of their powers, so slothful in temperament, or so careless of gain, as to rest contented with their quickly-won supremacy in the coarser fabrics, and leave our finer stuffs in quiet possession of their markets? The only *real* difficulty in economising a process of this kind is to invent machinery that will produce the same results with less attendance or in less time. But in the case of Lowell, this difficulty is more imaginary than real. *We* have made such inventions, after great labour and great expense—they *have only to copy them*. The engineers that work for Manchester will work for them—we will cast what they need in our foundries, and send it out to them; and should they want to know still more, they have every opportunity for doing so at our Great Exhibition.

Such are the state and prospects of the cotton manufacture in the Northern States. But the South also has begun; and it is rushing ahead even faster than the North, and with advantages peculiar to itself. The water-power, as we have seen, gives Lowell a great advantage over the steam-mills of Manchester; and the high price of labour in Massachusetts is the only real obstacle to its competing even with our finest fabrics. The South also has its magnificent streams and abundant water-power, but it has also *cheap labour*. It is the black that there works in the mills—it is slave-labour that there comes into competition with the already down-crushed workmen of England. In Virginia, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, and Mississippi, there are already some scores of factories—consuming from 300,000 to 400,000 bales of cotton a-year; and the same power which compels the negroes to toil in gangs under a burning sun will constrain them to waste life in hundreds more of such factories. There is even a double motive for thus employing them—not merely the prospect of vast gain in this manufacture, but because some of the former industries are all but quite unprofitable. The tobacco-grounds were yearly becoming more and more exhausted; thousands of acres were annually abandoned; and the slave-lords had been removing their black *stock* or *plant* further and further from the coast, for the sake of reaching richer soils. But the cotton-manufacture has at once relieved their embarrassment; and they are now driving it on with all the eagerness of men who have just discovered a golden mine. With *operatives* who ask no wages—whose sole cost is keeping soul and body together—who
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